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# LITTLE JOURNEYS *To the* HOMES of WELL KNOWN ADVERTISERS

By

Albert E. Rogers

CHARLES A. GREEN

Our great cities are full of men who say they don't want to be there; who would rather play a less strenuous part in the world's activity; who long for a few feet of ground they can call their own and the independence that comes with working for one's self.

It is this class of men who make up that large number that annually migrate from the city to the suburban or rural sections, to raise poultry or fruit or garden truck for the city market, or to apply business principles to agriculture, and thereby show the farmers what can be done when a business man goes a-farming. And it is this class of men who annually troop back to the cities—about nine-tenths of those who trekked forth—after two or three years of farming or gardening or chickeneering, shorn of their savings of years and glad to get back their old positions, where they will be assured that independence that comes with a known in advance revenue every Saturday night, whether the rains deluge or potato bugs forage, or thieves break in and steal.

Most of the world fails at farming, as most of the world fails at everything else, when it goes into business for itself.

If a man is capable, progressive and industrious, he can, however, go to the country and begin another life among conditions more congenial and succeed to a degree entirely satisfactory. Further than that, he can live his

life in his own way and do almost as he pleases, which is a greater success than most of us ever achieve.

To all such men who love to grow things and are qualified to succeed, I would recommend a careful attention to the experience and accomplishments of Charles A. Green, of Rochester, N. Y.

Charles A. Green was born on his father's farm, about twelve miles south of the city of Rochester. His father was a successful farmer, and was able to give his children educational training that was possible to but few farmers' children in those days. After leaving the country schoolhouse near his home, the young man attended the Lima College only seven miles from the farm where he lived.

Mr. Green retains most distinct and pleasant memories of his youth upon his father's farm, and it is interesting to listen to his reminiscences of those days. They reveal the horticultural tendencies of his early childhood.

"The earliest useful work that I can remember of having done," said Mr. Green, "was gathering black raspberries

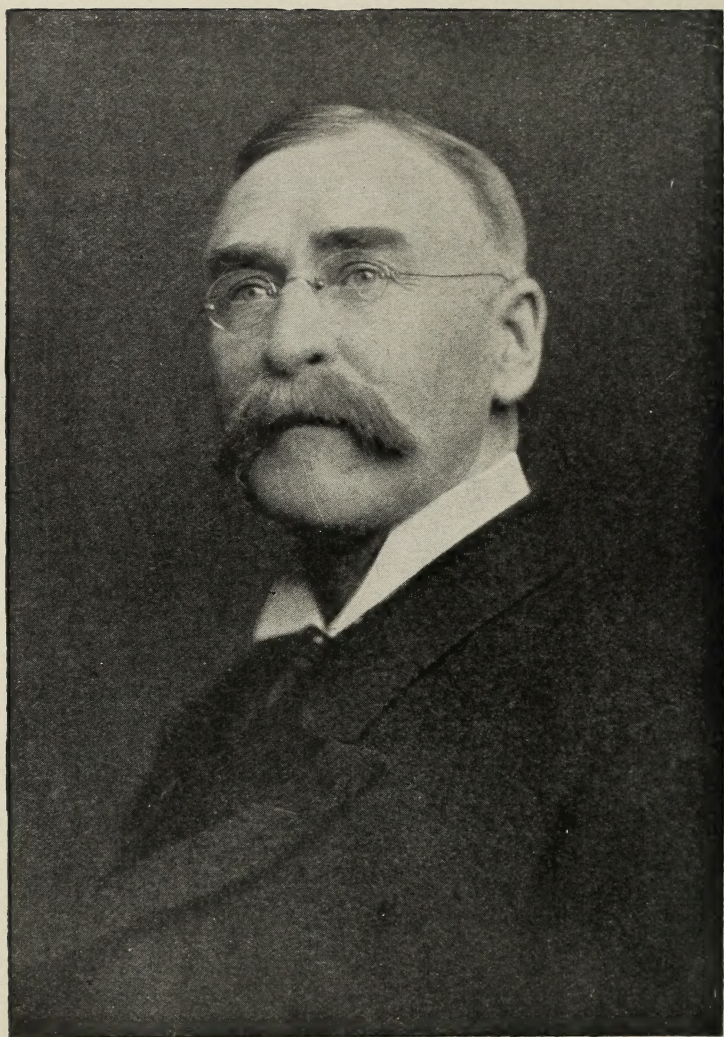
from the fence corners. I found only now and then a wild bush here and there. My mother encouraged me by making a delicious jam of all the berries I gathered, of which jam I, myself, was to have the exclusive eating. I remember that the jam



Mr. Green's Grandchild—"Going to Grandpa's"

NOTE—This article was written by the editor of F. B. White's Magazine, Chicago, Ill., and first appeared in that journal in July, 1907.





Chas. A. Green  
Nurseryman and Publisher  
Rochester, N. Y.



old, broken-nosed China tea-pot. My visits to this broken-nosed tea-pot were frequent and remarkably delightful so long as the jam lasted. At that time the black raspberry was not grown in gardens, and no one had heard of the Doolittle or Gregg, or any other improved variety. It was not known then that there were any varieties; it was supposed that they were all alike. One of my neighbor boys stirred my imagination by informing me that a machine had been invented, on which a boy could be carried with lightning rapidity from one bush to another, from which he could gather berries, the machine having the instinct to know where the bushes were located and going there without direction. I have since suspected that this was a myth.

"There was a blackberry plantation on the east side of a timber lot on our farm that bore remarkable specimens. The bushes grew so closely together one could hardly walk or force his way between them. I used to crawl out on the bodies of fallen trees and gather all that I could carry, without getting down among the bushes. I have wondered, in

recent years, why the blackberry does not produce as it did in earlier days. Probably the soil is not so fertile from the decaying wood and leaves."

As has been stated, Mr. Green was a horticulturist almost from birth. His natural inclinations led him in that direction, since the tendency could not have been acquired, for at that time the growing of fruit as a business was unheard of. His father knew nothing of fruit culture, and the boy was not encouraged to follow his bent. In fact, he was shunted off into a commercial career, and it was not until later in life, when he had both won and lost in business and finance, that he returned to the work for which nature designed him and in which he has succeeded so conspicuously.

On his father's farm there was a field so located as to make it almost impossible to harvest grain crops, being on the top and side of a hill. In this field Mr. Green secured his father's permission to plant apple trees, selecting Baldwin, Greening, King, Spy, Roxbury Russet and a few other kinds for the experiment.



Home of Chas. A. Green, Rochester, N. Y.



Mr. Green says he had many misgivings as to the outcome of his venture, because of the hard, clayey and unworkable character of the soil. In after years, on returning to this orchard, he was surprised to learn that, while the trees had not made quite the growth of others in more yielding soil, they had been more fruitful, and the fruit was of superior quality.

While quite young, the boy Green also put out his first fruit garden, setting out blackberry, raspberry and strawberry

came on and he went to Washington, D. C., to act as a clerk for another brother, who was an army officer stationed there.

A year or two later he leased the farm from his father and began work for himself. The call of a financial career, however, in which his brother was engaged, was insistent, and after two years of successful farming, at the age of twenty-three, he became clerk, then cashier, then president of a bank in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Green's life as a banker in Roch-



The Planting Gang of the Green Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

plants. His experience with strawberries was particularly discouraging. Year after year he tried to grow them, but for various reasons the plants refused to bear fruit, many times as a result of late frosts, although he did not then know the reason. One year, however, conditions were favorable, and a splendid yield was the result. These he picked and took to a near-by town, where he sold them for ten cents a quart. This was the first money Mr. Green ever received from fruit of his own growing.

At sixteen years of age Mr. Green became a clerk in his brother's bank. When he was eighteen the Civil War

ester covered a period of fifteen years. He organized the East Side Savings Bank of Rochester, which is now the most prosperous institution of its kind in the state. On September 3, 1873, while he was in New York City on his wedding journey, occurred the memorable failure of Jay Cooke & Co. In the panic which followed, and in which thousands of men were made penniless, every dollar that Mr. Green had accumulated, and all that his father had saved by a life of toil were swept away. It was at this time of disaster that his thoughts turned to the tendencies of his early life, like a man who turns his steps homeward after long wandering. Twelve



miles from Rochester he bought a farm, wornout, run down, almost abandoned, for which he went in debt, and on which he moved, to begin life anew and a new kind of life.

If it hadn't been for the financial panic of '73, Mr. Green might have gone on paying out and taking in money through a cashier's window, and to-day might have a vault full of government bonds, but unknown outside of his own country. As it is, however, he has more money than he will ever need, and, what is much more worth while, he is known the world over as a horticulturist, with a reputation second to none.

enthusiastically. He has printed a little book, telling how he made the old farm pay, that is as interesting as a novel.

It was in 1881 that Mr. Green placed his first advertising to sell nursery stock. Since that time it has gradually extended until during the season most of the good rural publications of the country carry his copy. He has also secured much gratuitous advertising because of his reputation as an authority on fruit culture, and through his addresses at farmers' meetings and his contributions to the agricultural papers. For years he wrote for the New York Tribune Farmer,



Potting Strawberry Plants—Green Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

He realized when he removed to his farm, in 1874, that in order to be successful in a marked degree he must specialize on some branch of farming. Being a horticulturist by destiny, and a lover of trees and plants because he couldn't help it, he was not long in making a choice.

His farm consisted at first of 134 acres. The first year of his fruit business the sales amounted to \$35; last year the business of the Green Nursery Company aggregated about \$100,000. In later years he has added three other farms devoted to fruit growing and to producing plants, vines and trees.

Mr. Green's enthusiasm is his most characteristic trait. He enters into anything with his whole soul, and he does things and tells about them equally

and the Rural Home, and his contributions were reprinted all over the country. He has been prominent in New York state horticultural progress, having been invited by the state to make addresses on the subject.

Besides being the head of a large company engaged in growing nursery stock, Mr. Green is also publisher of Green's Fruit Grower, the most widely read and best-known horticultural journal in the world. The first issue of this paper was in 1881. At once it acquired a circle of readers. At the present time it is a large magazine, finely illustrated, printed on choice paper, with 125,000 subscribers, and reputed to be a very handsome moneymaker. Further than that, it enjoys the reputation of being a moneymaker for advertisers.





Office and Barn of Chas. A. Green, and His Favorite Cow—Mr. Green is Seated on the Lawn

To his wife Mr. Green gives much of the credit for what he has accomplished. She was a city girl, unaccustomed to work or to hardship of any kind. It was shortly after their marriage that the crisis came, but uncomplainingly she went with him to the old farm, where for fifteen years she labored with him to retrieve their fortunes.

"Young men in the country are often warned not to marry city girls," said Mr. Green. "I will go so far as to claim that there are many city girls who would make good farmers' wives.

"My wife was eighteen years old when we were married. She had always lived in the city. When we were married we supposed we were in comfortable circumstances financially, and that we would continue to live in the city. She did not move to the country from choice.

"I am glad to acknowledge that our success on the farm was largely owing to the fortitude, economy and adaptability of my wife in her new position. She accepted the situation bravely, and made herself helpful in every way possible. She had been accustomed to have every comfort in her father's nice city home. Her sisters continued to enjoy many priv-

ileges of which she was deprived, yet she did not complain. I regret that I cannot specify the many ways she found for aiding me in my work and plans."

Mr. Green believes that every man should have a hobby in order to keep elastic and hopeful. His particular hobbies are fishing, hunting, golf, billiards and collecting works of art. He recently purchased one of the notable paintings at the New York exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and one of the prize paintings at the spring exhibition of the Corecoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C. Every room in his house is filled with similar works of art.

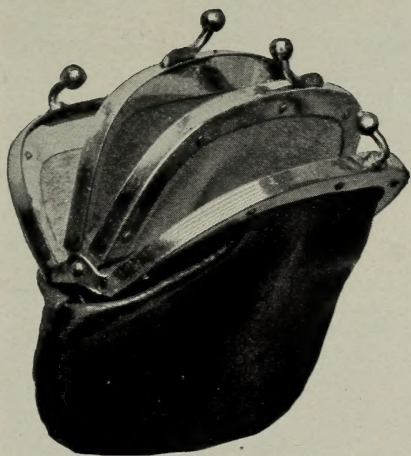
Possibly Mr. Green is best known at Rochester, N. Y., as the "Bird Day Man," on account of his having established an annual bird day, the seventh celebration of which has just been completed. He is a lover of birds and ever pleads for their protection. These bird day celebrations are at times held in the halls of the Mechanics' Institute, at other times in one of the park groves, assisted by famous speakers and bands of music, all under the supervision of Mr. Green.



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Charles A. Green, for 30 years editor and publisher, is a national character.

Prof. H. E. Van Deman, associate editor, was formerly United States Pomologist. He is now the largest orchardist in the world. He writes almost exclusively for "Green's Fruit Grower."

### GREEN'S SPECIAL OFFER

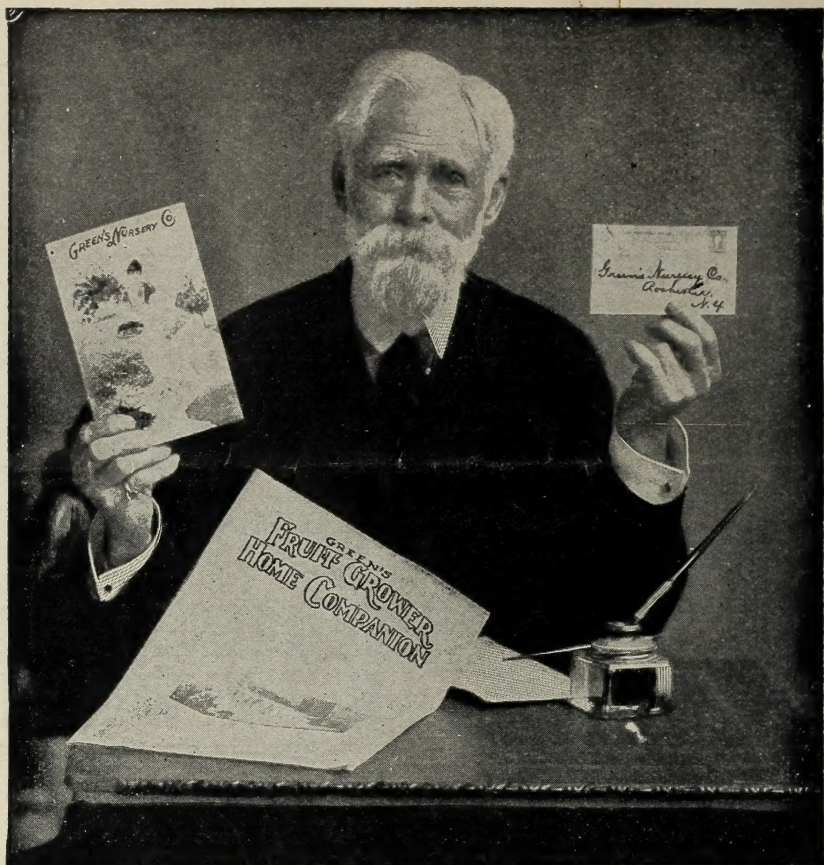
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**Rochester, N. Y.**





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